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## Select Poetry.

### I THOUGHT I LOVED—

I thought I loved—but now I know,  
That was not what my fancy made  
To cast thee from my mind, for O,  
I cannot love—I'll not upbraid.  
I only feel that thou and I  
No more may meet as once we met;  
And though my bosom heaves a sigh,  
'Tis not for thee I nurse regret.

I thought I loved—alas too long—  
I fancied thou wert pure and true;  
But now I know the airy throng,  
And all the trifling follies wrong,  
Nor would I have thee cherish now,  
One thought that makes me true.  
For I have learned that smiling brow  
Was fair and faithful to the last.

Yes, I have learned what all must learn,  
Who prize those smiles of mine so fair,  
That in the breast no love can burn,  
Nor selfishness is centered there.  
I thought I loved—but now I know,  
That art and sweetest girl's decoy;  
So cast thee from my mind, for O,  
'Tis not for thee I nurse regret.

## Select Miscellany

### A TALE OF HORROR.

#### A SWEDISH STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEORGE DORING.

We suddenly received from home the intelligence that my father had been taken seriously ill, and had expressed the wish that we should return. The necessity was urgent, that delay was not to be thought of, and we started the very same hour. It was a sad journey we had to make. A few days before it had snowed and had been again frozen hard; now the snow fell in thick flakes and the weather was piercingly cold. My anxiety about my father left me no rest, and Axinia longed earnestly to be at home and beside the sick bed. We determined to travel the night through, and we were better enabled to do this, as towards evening, it having ceased to snow, we expected a moonlight night, and our driver, Rosko, was well acquainted with the road. We were well furnished with furs, and also provisions for our journey. Before the night came we had reached the wide spreading forest which separated us from our native home, and which stretches away in the distance toward Lithuania, there to unite itself with the boundless forests of that country. The road we traveled was wide enough to receive, without hindrance, the complete light of the full moon; but the frequent swamps placed in it, which had been caused by the sharp frost, following immediately upon the thaw, checked our progress and caused our horses the greatest exertion. A perfect stillness reigned around us, which was broken only by the trotting of the horses, and the heavy breathing of the lady's maid, an old French woman, who had fallen asleep. My thoughts were by the bed of my sick father, and neither Axinia nor myself felt inclined to talk. It was just an hour before midnight, and nothing particular had happened on our lonely way, when suddenly the horses which drew our sleigh began to show an unusual uneasiness, they snorted and chafed, and without being urged by the whip, they galloped faster and faster. They were horses we had had for several years, and which could be induced to go out of their usual speed only by some very extraordinary cause. They appeared anxious and fearful, and often turned their heads round to look back, and then it seemed as if some mysterious power impelled them to renewed exertion. From these sudden dashings forward their pace soon became so wild and irregular that Rosko was obliged to use some restraint; to this they gave way. It is true, but not without resistance and with an appearance of the greatest terror. Axinia was too deeply engaged in her own thoughts and feelings to pay any attention to the altered behavior of the animals; but I, being used to them and their habits, felt agitated, and prepared, as it were, for some strange and wonderful occurrence; and old Rosko certainly uneasy feeling. He looked back several times quickly, and seemed to be listening; then he gave the horses the reins, so that they were free to go at their own speed, and off they set at full gallop. I was so seated in the sleigh that by just turning my head my mouth was close to our driver's ear.

"What is the matter, Rosko?" whispered I so gently to him that it was impossible for Axinia to catch what I said. "You seem to be alarmed, as if the uneasiness of the horses had communicated itself to you."

The old man considered for a moment, and then answered me, in the same low tone:

"I fear the wolves are upon our track; the cold has driven them out of the woods, and hunger makes them follow us, and if the speed of the horses does not save us, we are lost."

I have since led the life of a soldier, and have beheld death in its most fearful forms, but never in thick of the battle, nor in front of a flaming battery, did I ever feel the terror and horror I felt at this moment. My first thought was my sister. I saw, in imagination, her delicate, lovely form torn by the teeth of the monsters; I saw them appease their hunger with sanguinary delight. I had often heard that these creatures pursued their prey with an obstinacy and speed which

made it impossible to escape from them. If our horses could hold out we might be saved—but I felt sure their strength would be exhausted before that of our pursuers, and that we should fall a sacrifice to them. I wore a hunting knife by my side, and had also with me a rifle and a pair of pistols; but my provision of powder and ball was small, and could serve only to bring down some few of these savage animals, which I knew were accustomed to go out upon their nightly expeditions in flocks of several hundreds together. In the meantime, old Rosko drove the horse onward with unceasing speed; but it was not necessary to urge them much, for the acute instinct of the terrified beasts understood well the approaching danger. I felt an unceasing inclination to look back into the distance behind us in order to listen through the stillness of the night for some sound that might confirm the horror of our fate.

Rosko saw and heard plainer than I. "They are coming—they are coming!" he whispered suddenly. "Don't you hear the rushing and panting? They look like a dark shadow as they come up out of the valley. It is a pack of more than a hundred."

I now saw what Rosko's quicker sight had already seen. With a strange, gliding motion, an enormous black mass came nearer and nearer; it passed so quickly over the snow that one could not exactly distinguish the manner of its motion, and it became evident that it would very soon overtake our horses, the strength of which was beginning to give way. A fearful, horrible sound broke through the stillness of the night. They seemed to be sent forth from the depth of the chest, and resembled sometimes a grumbling noise, and the painful, hollow, but yet partly repressed yells of one in agony. Axinia still suspected nothing; nothing could arouse her from the slumber of death which had fallen upon her. I was not able, however, much longer to leave her in that happy unconsciousness of the danger which threatened us. I could already distinguish the separate groups of the eager monsters; already several had burst forward out of the mass, and were within gunshot of our sleigh. I raised my gun, cocked it, and aimed at the foremost of the creatures. "Stop down!" cried I to Axinia, who had started up as if frightened out of a dream. She looked at me inquiringly, but it was evident from my actions that this was no time for questions. She instantly bent down her head and shoulders; my gun went off, and the foremost and the largest of the animals fell to the earth. My shot had waked the lady's maid, and she began to scream, thinking we were attacked by robbers.

"It is only the wolves," said Rosko, with astonishing coolness. "We are rid of one but a hundred others will be our faithful companions until we reach home."

He said more, for he did not wish the females to hear the worst. In the meantime, the horses, startled by the report of the gun, darted forward with renewed vigor, while the wolves made a stop to gather round the dead body of their companion.

It will not last long," murmured Rosko to himself. "I know them; they will soon be close behind us again, and their perseverance will put the best horse to shame."

I now had an opportunity of seeing how great was Axinia's strength of mind. She spoke words of comfort to the weeping lady's maid, with perfect composure, and exhorted her to join her in prayer to Him whose will could instantaneously tame the wild beasts of the desert. She sank on her knees in the bottom of the sleigh, and beside her the lady's maid; but the latter was not capable of collecting her thoughts to pray, and she gave way to continued lamentations and to repeated exclamations of the journey itself. By this time I had reloaded my rifle, and it lay against my shoulder in a state of readiness, while the horses were doing their best to escape from our pursuers. Then the rushing, snuffing, and panting drew nearer; the dark mass came on with wonderful speed, and I soon perceived that a flock of the creatures had surrounded the others, and were approaching with their gaping jaws extended towards us. A second ball struck the most daring of them to the ground. I hoped by this again to gain time; I hoped that, favored by the frequent stopping of the beasts over their dead companions, we might be able to gain the outside of the forest and perhaps some human dwelling. But how vain were my calculations! This time they did not remain near so long with their dead companion as with the first; I had scarcely time to reload before they were hard after us again.

"It is all of no use," whispered Rosko to me. "The horses cannot last much longer, and then we are lost."

And it is true that by this time there was a visible decrease in the strength of our horses; their breathing became the anxious gasping and their pace unsteady. They did their best, for they knew that the blood-thirsty destroyers were at our heels and that only speed could save us. But their powers became more and more exhausted. Often had one of the other of them fallen on their knees, and then sprung up again with a desperate effort. We were indeed in a fearful situation; I trembled for Axinia's life, not my own. My balls brought down a few more of our pursuers, but that they more disturbed them in their chase. They were now close behind us; their

breathing was more distinctly heard. I could see their gaping jaws with rows of frightful teeth, and their tongues hanging out; and I could see their savage, fiery eyes. And what a multitude was there of them! My last charge was expended, and I now possessed no means of defence against an attack of the furious animals except my two pistols, which had not yet been fired off, my hunting knife and the butt end of my rifle. This Rosko had remarked.

"There is still one hope left," said he; "I remember to have seen, on our way here, an uninhabited hunter's hut, which cannot now be far off. If we can succeed in reaching it we are safe for the present; if not, the wolves will tear us to pieces and relieve their fierce hunger with our flesh. If it comes to that, sir," continued he, with a trembling voice, "then you have still the loaded pistols—then be compassionate and give your sister a speedy death, that she may not die by inches under the teeth of the wolves!"

I started in speechless silence at the old man's tale; a tear ran down his cheek; without speaking he looked at me and nodded his head; as if by that means too add force to what he had said. Never shall I forget that moment, a shudder ran through my veins as I looked into the innocent face of my sister; I turned my eyes in a despatch toward heaven; it seemed to me that deliverance ought to come and must come from above to that pious being who forgot all earthly dangers in her resignation to the will of the Almighty. Then the panting and trampling came closer to us, and I saw the foremost of the creatures had reached us and that they seemed to be smelling our carriage as if they wished to see first of what the freight consisted before they made the attack. With my left hand I seized the ready cocked pistol and with a searching glance I looked at the head of my sister in order to select that part where death would reach her the surest and quickest. My right hand had mechanically drawn my hunting knife. A veil of blood appeared to be drawn over my sight, and through the blood I beheld the praying Axinia, the hungry wolves and the wild waste of snow. Then one of the creatures got near to our sleigh; it gave a fearful spring to clear its side, but my hunting knife caught it in the flanks as it sprang, and it fell before it reached us. Axinia had sunk in terror by the side of the lady's maid, who had long since been cowering in the bottom of the sleigh.

Well done!" cried Rosko, with all the spirit of a young man, "Spare your powder and use your knife. I can see the hat now. Hold out a little longer, and then we shall be secure."

Then the bloody veil fell from before my eyes, and became light again within me and around. Rosko flogged the horses unmercifully, and once more the faithful beasts made incredible exertions. It seemed as if they felt that this was the last piece of service they should ever render their masters, and were therefore willing to put forth their last strength. In the meantime I had put the pistol in my breast pocket, and stood upright, with the gunstock held in my hand ready to strike. Whether the spirit of a young man, or the distress of that hour, or the fact that I made an impression on our pursuers, or whether the accelerated speed of our horses was the cause, I know not, but so it was that we began to leave the savage monsters behind, and we gained a slight, but in our situation, invaluable advantage over them. I looked around me. There stood the hut; the door was open, and Rosko gave a cry of joy, as with his powerful hand he drew up the horses, and then sprang from his seat, saying:

"We are here—we are here! Quickly out; and into the hut; there's not a moment to be lost!"

But already Axinia, with wonderful energy, sprang out of the sleigh and into the hut; Rosko followed her carrying the fainting lady's maid; I was the last. As I was going in the old man snatched the gun out of my hand, and rushed out again. I looked after him in astonishment; I saw that the wolves were coming up in enormous numbers, and I knew that they would be up with us in a minute or two. I called after him to come back, but his work was already done with two cuts of the whip he had set the horses off again into a full gallop, and had got back just as two of the savage beasts made a spring towards the hut. With two blows of the butt of the gun he struck them both down, and then was by my side again; and just as the foremost of the pack reached the hut, and would have pressed in, we rushed to the open door, and bolted it with the iron bolt, which providentially, we found still there.

I should in vain endeavor to describe the feelings I experienced at that moment. Many years have passed away since that time; I have gone through much that was calculated to try the soul; but never had I feelings equal to those. The purest joy at the deliverance of my sister took possession of me, and with it the feeling that I had sinned against the greatness and goodness of the Almighty. I felt the utmost contrition; I dared not speak to Axinia, whose confidence in Heaven had never for one moment forsaken her, and who, at this moment, and with steady voice, was offering thanks for her merciful deliverance. The snuffing and rattling of the wolves at the door roused me from my train of thoughts into which I had fallen. Rosko had the presence of

mind, when he ran back to set the horses off, and thereby gave them the chance of saving themselves, to match the lantern from the sleigh and bring it with him into the hut. He now began to examine the interior, to see whether we were in safety, and he did so we heard the low growling of the wolves, who continued just against the windows, but for the moment the doors were fastened with very strong shutters. Mud walls surrounded us, and a bank of earth was built against one side; a little half-rotten straw lay in a corner, and by the side of it lay an invaluable treasure, a heap of firewood, sufficient in all probability to save us, during four-and-twenty hours, from the severity of the frost. The old servant lost not a moment in making use of the discovery. A most grateful fire soon flamed in the middle of the room, the true aim, first, and at the same instant the animal fell into burning pile of wood beneath, from which flew on all sides firebrands, burning coals and sparks. I started back from the flames; but there lay our enemy bleeding, and rolling itself among the firebrands, howling horribly and piteously with pain. Rosko kept his place courageously; and after having raised the stock of his gun once or twice over his head, and brought it down each time with a heavy blow, there lay the beast dead before us, his limbs stretched out stiff from his body among the burning wood, which being wetted with its blood, gave forth a smothering steam. Rosko who had always his wife about him, pulled it out of the fire and dragged it into the corner, where he left it lying, saying at the same time that he hoped it would be the only visit of the kind we should have during the night; "but the—the day," added he, in a low tone of voice, "will bring more of such customers than we will be able to master."

These words had reached my ears only; Axinia and the French woman looked up anxiously at the roof to see whether any fresh danger threatened us. I drew near the old man, and led him far away from Axinia towards the dead wolf, as if I wished to examine it; and then asked him in an under voice, what the fears he entertained for the day as I had heard him say that when the wolves came, the wolves would forsake our place of refuge, and betake themselves to the depth of the forest.

"And even if that were to be the case," said he gloomily, "of what use would it be to us? The horses are dead; and how is a weak, tender female like Madame Axinia to reach the outside of this forest on foot? In the midst of our endeavor might we overcome again, and the wolves would know well where to find us. But any hope of the kind is vain. When the wolves have assembled in such an enormous mass as they have done here, they are not afraid of daylight. So long as our stock of wood holds out, our fire will protect us from any attack from above; indeed I do not think that another of the monsters will be bold enough to try the roof again to-night; but by day-light the flames do not make so powerful an impression upon them. We must summon all our courage and all our strength for what may then happen, and prepare to defend the women and our own lives to the last moment. But it will be of no use—of no use," added he, in a tone growing fainter and fainter—"of no use at all."

I had placed my whole confidence in the return of day; I had already imagined that we were safe at home in the castle of my father, but now all my hopes were destroyed; now, for the first time, our destruction appeared to me to be certain, and again all the horrors of despair took possession of me. I did not dare to go near Axinia lest she should guess, from the disturbed state I was in, what was the truth as to our danger. I wished it to be kept from her as long as possible, that she might continue to enjoy the feeling that she was safe until the danger was really near.

The hours passed anxiously and painfully. Axinia had fallen to sleep and lay reposing like an angel of peace, like a child which knows nothing of the dangers which surround it. The lady's maid, too, exhausted by her apprehensions and her exertions had fallen into a kind of disturbed slumber or stupor, from which she was every now and then awoken in affright, raised herself up and stared vacantly at the hole in the roof, and then sank down again seemingly insensible. I looked at Axinia, and as I saw her in her sleep I pierced me to the heart. I felt oppressed within me, as if a heavy load lay upon my breast, from which I could not get free. In the meantime old Rosko silently went on keeping up the fire, and appeared to be thinking seriously about our position, although he did not communicate his thoughts to us. He was right in what he said about the wolves; not one of them appeared again during the night at the opening of the roof, but their scratching and scraping, and pushing against the door, their low growling, and their running backward and forward around the hut, continued the whole time.

It is not surprising that even at this length of time I should remember accurately every particular which he had suffered; the dangers of that moment were such as would make an impression upon a whole lifetime, however long it might be. Before Rosko told me what he had most to dread, I had longed for daylight to return; but now I could

and they cannot see us. But suddenly there came a loud crash in the weak rafters of the roof; three of the monsters disappeared, but the roof gave way under the fourth, and hung down with in the cabin, while the creature endeavored in vain to cling to the rafters that kept breaking away from it. It was very evident that it must soon fall into the flames beneath.

"Away from the fire!" cried old Rosko to the two females, who, terrified fled into a corner. Then he turned to me and said: Now shoot! Send a pistol ball into the wolf's body; take a good aim—hit sure!"

He seized the gun himself, and stood by with it ready to strike a blow with the stock. We heard the creature growling with fear. It was of unusual and fearful size. I obeyed mechanically the order of the old servant. I took a true aim, first, and at the same instant the animal fell into burning pile of wood beneath, from which flew on all sides firebrands, burning coals and sparks. I started back from the flames; but there lay our enemy bleeding, and rolling itself among the firebrands, howling horribly and piteously with pain. Rosko kept his place courageously; and after having raised the stock of his gun once or twice over his head, and brought it down each time with a heavy blow, there lay the beast dead before us, his limbs stretched out stiff from his body among the burning wood, which being wetted with its blood, gave forth a smothering steam. Rosko who had always his wife about him, pulled it out of the fire and dragged it into the corner, where he left it lying, saying at the same time that he hoped it would be the only visit of the kind we should have during the night; "but the—the day," added he, in a low tone of voice, "will bring more of such customers than we will be able to master."

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have wished the night might be without end. But how senseless was such a wish, for what could we have gained by it! Instead of being torn to death by the wolves we should have suffered the lingering death of starvation, or at best been frozen to death! I now felt with old hope and perfectly desolate.

The stars became paler, the twilight appeared above us, the flashes of the fire became less bright, and the day broke. Axinia slept on; the frightful howling of the wolves, the increased energy which was evident in their movements around our place of refuge, did not wake her; but as one time I saw her lips move, and that she was speaking, and I drew near to understand what she said.

"Fear nothing, Cassimica," said she softly, as if in a sweet dream. "God is watching over us—a deliverer is nigh." I cannot describe the effect which these words had upon me; and how they instantly filled me again with hope and faith. I suddenly felt myself influenced by a supernatural power. I felt quite calm with regard to any future danger and seizing the hand of the astonished Rosko, I exclaimed, in a cheerful tone:

"Courage, faithful Rosko! We are too good to serve as food for the wolves—a deliverer is near."

And he was near. He appeared in the time of our greatest need, when the fire now growing pale under the light of day, no longer scared our hungry pursuers, which clambered upon the roof in such numbers that it threatened every moment to fall in upon us and as we looked up we saw twenty pair of savage jaws wide open, thirsting after our blood and longing eagerly to devour us. Axinia had not awakened. She slept as soundly as if convinced that the angel of God was watching over her. My whole being appeared now to have resolved itself into faith of our deliverance.

I looked no longer at the savage growling forms above, but looked into the pure and innocent face of my sister. She smiled and moved slightly, and then awoke, crying:

"He comes! We are saved!"

At that moment we heard the report of fifty shots in the forest, a loud halloo, and the barking of dogs resounded the air, and the tramping of horses' hoofs came fast towards us. My sister and her maid started up; we heard our enemies scrambling down from the roof, and we heard the howling of the scattered wolves in the distance, and we cried:

"We are saved!"

Rosko went and looked through the split of the door and said:

"There is a wolf hunt, the wolves have fled and the hunters are just breaking out of the wood."

We threw the door wide open, and we went out into the space before the hut; freedom was again ours; and we had the joy of seeing at the head of the troop of horsemen who had thus rescued us, the friend whose house we had left when we started on our journey. How is it possible to describe the delight of our meeting and our thankfulness! We now related, in hasty words, the fearful circumstances of the night; and our friend told us that shortly after our departure, news had been brought to his estate that a herd of wolves, from the boundless forest of Lithuania, had entered the forests through which we were to pass, that they had already committed great destruction, and that the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood had prepared to begin a general attack upon them. He had been seized with the greatest alarm on our account, and had seen in a moment all the danger to which we were exposed. He had assembled around him all who were capable of taking part in the hunt, and was just about to hasten after us, when several landed proprietors in the vicinity decided to join his little troop with their followers, and to accompany him in the chase. These new comers, however, wished not to set out upon the expedition until the next morning, but our friend's energetic description of the fearful situation in which we were in all probability placed, at length prevailed upon them to make use of the moonlight night for the undertaking, and thus we were saved from a fate at which the imagination shudders.

HE DRINKS.—How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and ejaculate—"It's a pity." How his mother hopes he will not when he grows older; how his sister persuades themselves that it is only a few wild oats he is sowing! And yet the old men shake their heads and feel gloomy when they think about it. Young men just commencing life, buoyant with hope, don't drink. You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your old parents, of your sisters, of your wives, of your children are laid down upon you. In you the aged live over again their young days; though you only can that weary one you love obtain a position in society; and from the level on which you place them: must your children go into the great struggle of life.

BAB, MR. SMITH wants to know if the boss won't take a ride?"

"Tell him, yes, but not before 11 o'clock."

"And why then?"

"Because he will be drunk by that time, and won't have anything else to do."

Nice prompt that is!

A POINTED BLOW.—An invalid sent for a physician and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, etc., he thus summed them up:—"No, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause of my ailment if it is in your power to reach it."—"It shall be done said the doctor; and lifting his cane, he demolished a deaconer of gin that stood upon the sideboard.

CONFER.—Dutchman—"Good morning, Patrick, how you are?"

Irishman—"Good mornin' till ye, Mike—think ye, will we get any rain the day?"

Dutchman—"I guess not—ye never has much rain in a ferry dry time."

Irishman—"Faith an, ye're right there, Mike; and then, whinivert gits in the way o' rainin the divil the bit o' dry wither will get, as long as the wet spell howlds."

SOME SATISFACTION.—An elderly lady writes to a friend. A widower with ten children has proposed, and I have accepted him. This is about the number I should have been entitled to, if I had been married at the proper time, instead of being cheated into nonentity."

Nervous old lady. "Dear me! what makes the cars stop here? Is there anything the matter?"

Smart young man. "Yes, marm; a chew of tobacco is lying right before the locomotive. As soon as it's removed we will be under way again."

Stranger to a little boy. "Well, my little son, ain't you lost?" Little boy, stepping back and eyeing the stranger.—

"Look here, mister, don't be so familiar, if you please, I am not unprotected, laying his hand on a revolver," you must remember I am a gentleman."

"I'm afraid of lightning," muttered a pretty coquette during a storm.

"Well, you may be," sighed a despairing lover, "when your heart is steel."

VERY CLEAR.—"Patrick what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Arrah, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military service in case of war because their "charges" are so great that no one could stand them.

The most remarkable case on record is that of the Yankee Soap man, who, in a violent storm at sea, saved himself from death by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore!

Hilloo, there! what's your hurry, where are you going?" "Going! I'm running for an office." "What office?"—"The Squire's office, darn it, I'm sued."

The Boston Courier says there is a dilemma in the court as to the proper mode of making a Jew swear. The Philadelphia Pennsylvania suggests treading on his corns.

Mr. Singletiek mystified a tea-party by remarking that women are facts. When pressed to explain his meaning, he said, "Facts are stubborn things."

"The deuce take that tray!" cried the lady, in a towering passion.

"Madam," replied a youngster, "the deuce cannot take the tray."

"You have a dirty face," remarked a boy to another. "Can't help it," said the other, "Father's a Black Republican."

"The iron has entered my sole," as the stage carpenter said when a nail ran up his foot.

A man in Schenectady advertises a clock for sale, which "keeps time like a tax gatherer."

Why are coopers like musical composers? Because they make use of staves.

This must be looked into as the spoiled child said to his father's watch when he heard it tick.

Where discord reigns at home there is no peace for husband, wife or children.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

A "High" School.—One kept in the seventh story.

Do nothing to-day that thou wouldst regret to-morrow.

The most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious.

It is no better for a lady to be pulled up with conceit than with caution.

Be not the fourth friend of him who has three before and lost them.

Vice-tings even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles even in our pains.